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ALL ALONG SHORE





A Beauty Spot on the Maine Coast



ALL ALONG SHORE

A BOOKLET DESCRIPTIVE OF
THE NEW ENGLAND COAST
A SECTION DEVOTED TO THE
VACATIONIST'S ENJOYMENT

ISSUED BY THE GENERAL
PASSENGER DEPARTMENT
BOSTON AND MAINE RAILROAD

1907



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WITH a wealth of attraction that makes it quite safe for a man to decide on any of the New England resorts along shore with a feeling of certainty that the selection will not be disappointing, the vacationist need not hesitate, in face of the multitude of attractions offered him, before he determines where to spend his summer vacation. A man leaving Boston on Boston & Maine Railroad cannot complain of the beauty he scenery stretched out before him if he travels all day. The view from the car window alone is fascinating the journey is now attended, thanks to the good service he Boston & Maine Railroad, with all the comforts that modern methods of transportation have provided, so that he is led with delight by the journey. In the days of a generation ago, or even less, a trip to many of the attractive resorts he coast of Maine, or beyond to the Canadian Provinces, was attended with such discomfort as to rob it of all its attractiveness except to a few hardy travellers, mostly hunters and fishermen who were willing to put up with all the inconveniences of those days for the real delights of hunting and fishing.



Lynn Beach and Swampscott Harbor

Now, however, the growth and development of the outdoor summer life along the New England coast, which has sprung from such modest beginnings to be such a stupendous undertaking, has changed all this. Conditions are now delightful to one who takes either a long or a short vacation. There is no discomfort, and the fine modern hotels and good boarding-houses which are now available all through the great area visited by tourists and vacationists are conducted in the best and most modern method. Some of the great hotels in this region are models in their class.

Near to Boston, as well as farther from it on the coast of Maine, one finds all the beauties and delights which the New England sea-coast can furnish, with its shelving beaches, rugged cliffs and points that jut out into the bay; and the North Shore, which may be said to extend from the shore resorts of Cape Ann to Boston, is one of the great summer colonies of the world, combining many settlements where wealthy residents have erected



Where the Breakers Play



A Bit of Nahant

sufficient summer palaces, with less pretentious summer homes and camping reservations, so that the tastes of all can be met in this region.

Beyond this begins the more northerly region, along which are Hampton, Rye, Newcastle, York Harbor, Wells, Scarborough and Old Orchard; and further on, the many summer resorts of the coast of Maine—so numerous and so attractive that one cannot even enumerate them in a limited space. Anywhere in this vast region one may find accommodations to suit his individual fancy, and to this condition of affairs is due the tremendous growth of the summer excursion business which

has brought so many thousand Americans annually to the New England and Canadian coasts. There is something particularly attractive in the old ocean that draws to its shores those whose life is otherwise passed in our inland communities, and as



Home Stretch



Neck and Neck

the spirit of travel increases, the vacation is now more than ever a recognized part of one's yearly program. This whole coast has become the resort of many who have received from it all the delights and pleasures which go with a delightful vacation spent on the seashore, and have secured, as well, the healthgiving qualities which the salt air and the temperate climate afford. No one knows just how many tourists come to New England every year, but it is well known that



New York Yacht Club at Marblehead



Where the Waters Steal in from the Sea

number increases each year and that the arrangements for attending to their comfort, for housing them and for transporting them pace with their demand. There are opportunities for all who to come, and whether one prefers hotel life, the more quiet seclusion of cottage life, or desires to spend a time in camping out roughing it, there are innumerable and limitless opportunities possibilities all along this coast.



On the Rockbound Coast



ALL ALONG SHORE



days when the fisheries formed the principal industry of the Massachusetts coasts this town took a foremost place. The town is rich in historical records of events connected with the period of the American Revolution, and off the Marblehead shores some of the most important naval engagements of this struggle took place.

Today its fame rests largely, as far as the outside world is concerned, upon its well-known popularity as a headquarters for yachtsmen, who annually gather in its beautiful harbor from all parts of the coast. The presence of several large yacht clubs gives a distinct social tone to the place, and the scenes on the harbor during the racing and cruising season are very picturesque, whether it be by day or by night.

SALEM — BEVERLY

THE next summer resort center from Marblehead on the North Shore reached by the traveller from Boston is ancient Salem, one of the best known historically of the oldest New England cities, and with as fine a site overlooking ocean waters as can be found upon the Massachusetts coasts. This city is sixteen miles from Boston, and was once the center for a large East India trade, it having a safe



A Bit of Beverly Harbor



Along Shore, Manchester

and convenient harbor, which, however, is not of sufficient depth for vessels of the size now used in foreign trade; so that as a commercial port it long since dwindled to insignificance. Salem is best remembered through its connection, as historically portrayed, with witches and witchcraft in the olden time; and even at the present day Gallows Hill and Witch Hill are among the distinguishing features of its territory, though now on account of the extreme beauty of their situation and the commanding views afforded by their eminences.

Salem and Plymouth were the first towns permanently settled in



The Pride of the Fleet



Magnolia from Cooledge's Point

Massachusetts, the last named antedating the first by only a half dozen years.

In Salem Nathaniel Hawthorne was born, and here he passed the greater part of his life, serving the National Government as an official of the customs department, while he pondered the events and creations that he afterwards made immortal by his writing.

Like Marblehead, Salem has its "Neck"; and at the extremity of Salem Neck is located "The Willows," the resort of this section for the multitudes who throng the neighborhoods in summer-time, led thither by its proximity to Old Ocean, the variety and delights of its outdoor sports, and the extreme beauty and attractiveness of its surrounding scenery. But the city itself has a fascination for every class of visitors, its historic associations and monuments united to its unusually fine natural endowments appealing to the traveller of wealth and culture, as well as to the average mortal who is seeking as best he can to pass a vacation season profitably and pleasantly.

Beverly has its main village near the point of junction with the mainland of the promontory known as Cape Ann. In all essentials of makeup and characteristics its community establishment is almost identical with those which have been already referred to; but as regards the number and quality of its summer resorts, and the extreme beauty of its natural scenery and situations, it must be regarded as

the very "gem" of the North Shore. From Beverly the Gloucester branch of the Boston & Maine Railroad runs from end to end of Cape Ann, following closely the south shore of that promontory, and through the midst of natural beauties and fascinations that must be seen to be appreciated. It has been well said



Willows, Eastern Point

that "This region is one of the great summer parks of New England." Beverly has a shore front of more than seven miles in extent, made up of alternating beaches, headlands and rocky surf-lines scattered about in the most picturesque manner. Practically, every mile of the coast within Beverly limits is made available for summering purposes, and the number of ornate villas and costly summer establishments to be found along these shores is most remarkable, even in a section where wealth is lavished almost without stint in the securing of facilities for summer enjoyments. Its seven miles of shore are broken in the most fantastic and irregular way by coves and inlets, and by the alternation of hill and plain, cliff and sandy



Pigeon Cove



A Typical "Clam Settlement"

formation. Scattered along in front of them, the sport of the storm of the ocean, are numerous islands large and small, "often little more than a solid rock-mass rising above the surface of the water, the temporary resting place for gulls, and a point upon which maddened billows dash wildly, sending their fragments in glistening sections and particles high into the air."

Montserrat, Hospital Point, Beverly Farms, Manchester-by-the-Sea, Singing Beach, Eagle Head, Thunderbolt Rock, Magnolia,—here is a list of local names of the Beverly summer resorts that suggest the delights and memorable experiences of all that is enjoyable summer-time upon the New England shores. All these sections are thronged by visitors, sojourners and temporary residents throughout "the season," the summer homes so profusely scattered about entertaining hosts of guests while they remain open; and ample provision most excellent in quality, for transient comers is afforded by hotels.



Magnolia Beach



A Gloucester Fisherman

establishments of every grade and elaboration of service. The marine scenery hereabouts is unrivalled; and for outlooks upon and experiences of ocean waters it can have no superior.

Magnolia has had a notable rise as a summer resort during the last few years, and now has a group of the finest hotels on the North Shore. The picturesque tree-covered drive from the railroad station to the village gives a delightful first impression, which is by no means dimmed by what is subsequently experienced. The seaward view from the cliffs is superb, and innumerable excursions may be taken to local points of interest, including Rafe's Chasm and the reef of Norman's Woe, where on one fatal night, as Longfellow tells it,

"The snow fell hissing in the brine
And the billows foamed like yeast."



Annisquam River



Old Mother Ann, Gloucester

PICTURESQUE CAPE ANN

THE Cape Ann "settlements" include, beside the Beverly sections, the city of Gloucester on the south, Rockport, which occupies the extreme point of the Cape, and Essex, holding the same position on the north, with relation to this promontory, as does Beverly on the south. The entire Cape Ann territory is one great summer resort, many estates of wealthy people being found in different parts upon it, and nearly all its sections being eligible for visitors who desire to



A Bit of the Navy

spend summer or vacation days in close proximity to ocean shores and scenes.

Pigeon Cove, a thorough representative of Cape Ann resorts, is at the very extremity of the Cape, and the name of its ocean inlet has been adopted for the land which its waters wash, so that for many generations the section thus included has been known as "Pigeon Cove," although its territory is all included within the town of Rockport. A peculiarity of the section is that the woods' growth is continued in many places to the very water's edge, the woods alternating with great patches of berry-bearing bushes, which spread and tangle and knot themselves together among the rocks with which the earth hereabouts is thickly strewn. It is probable that the profusion of the berry growth in former times may have accounted for the assemblage here in their season of the wild pigeons — and hence the present name of the locality.

Imitating the pigeons, who scan the place from airy heights, one may obtain a more comprehensive knowledge of the region by seeking an elevation overlooking all and comprehending, by a series of sweeping views, all its characteristics. Such a point of outlook is found on the summit of Pigeon Hill, an elevation 250 feet or thereabouts above the sea-level, and only a short distance inland from the tide line.



Gloucester from Stage Fort

From this summit one of the most extended sea views possible on the whole coast may be obtained, as well as a most comprehensive outlook over the shores north and south. Parts of the coast line of three states are within sight from this standpoint, and these not in dim outline, but in clear detail as to principal points, and with many of their peculiarities fairly set forth.

Looking northward, Cape Porpoise, a few miles below Cape Elizabeth on the Maine coast, is plainly to be seen. The Isles of Shoals rise out of the water majestically, and so clearly can they be seen from this hilltop that their hotels are fairly visible. York Beach, also on



Beach at Rockport

the Maine coast, stretches its white sand along the water line; and old Agamenticus, or York Hill, is a landmark unmistakable. Whale-back Light, at the Portsmouth Harbor entrance, Boar's Head and various points on the New Hampshire coast are reviewed at will; From this standpoint ten lighthouses are discernible.

Hampton and Rye Beaches, Salisbury and Plum Island of the North Shore, are comparatively in the foreground, and in good weather there is a fine backing of mountains along the coasts in the extreme northward, with the White Mountain ranges towering upward upon the far horizon. The sight is wonderful and, when one considers the distance traversed by the eye, amazing.

Turning to the opposite direction, the South Shore as far down as Plymouth lies stretched along, and, between Cape Ann and the highlands about the entrance to Boston Harbor, are outspread the scenic attractions that have been so many times described. If they will but take the trouble to climb the hill, sojourners at Pigeon Cove may witness an ocean sunrise or sunset, the sight of which will repay all efforts made to attain it.



Off for the Banks

In the immediate front lie Straitsmouth and Thatcher's Islands, with their piles on piles of rocks, picturesque points and crags, and monumental lighthouses. The "Salvages"—terrible trap set in the open sea for shipping, and too often securing its prey—are washed on a quiet day by the gentlest of fleecy surf-beats. Inward appear the breakwaters which artificially protect the harbor of Rockport; the great lines of stone slabs lying in tiers upon each other as the cove



A Bit of Gloucester Harbor

shore is reviewed,— blocks of one hundred and two hundred tons each, which apparently have been often the playthings of the terrible waves which roll in hereabouts throughout a heavy blow. Gaze seaward now, in all directions, and behold where the waters have rolled and tumbled and thundered, or shimmered calmly beneath the sky, for countless generations. One must sail eastward for three thousand miles to find another shore like that before him; and the storm waves, which at that very time may be rising a thousand miles away, will shortly be breaking upon the rocks before him. Moving craft dot the Bay waters on all sides. There are ships and schooners, steamers big



A Bit of Sunshine along Shore

and little, sloops and sailboats, outward or inward bound, and some at anchor. No portion of the picture lacks animation, and its interest is ever-varying.

The whole tract in the neighborhood of the Cove has been laid out as a seashore village and to serve the purposes of a watering-place; and this has been done in a manner to make the most of the attractions and natural advantages of the locality. Excellent driveways, that are broad, finely graded avenues, covered with the stone crumbles for which the place is famous, traverse the section in all directions. Through the woods and brush pastures winding paths are set, leading to cool and shady retreats, bubbling springs, or some natural surprise in the way of unexpected outlooks, rock-masses, vistas, or the like. Numerous chalybeate springs, some of them of great strength and all

of excellent quality, abound, which alone would give celebrity to the place. Builded about the Cove, and even upon the very rocks that form its shore line, are the cottages of the summer residents, presenting every variety and feature and style of this department of architecture. Hereabouts the facilities for bathing are unsurpassed, and the great rocky ledges and deposits upon the shores furnish never-failing sources of employment and enjoyment to dwellers and visitors. To this point large numbers of Western people have found their way, and year after year return to the spot which, once visited, proves attractive for all time thereafter.

This establishment and situation of Pigeon Cove, then, may be taken as descriptive and characteristic of all parts of the North Shore, and as a setting forth of the peculiar charms that this region possesses for summer visitors.

Gloucester, with its picturesque surroundings and its salty suggestiveness, has always occupied a prominent part in the itinerary of the New England tourist, but since Kipling and Mrs. Ward have thought it worthy of embalming in story, it has become an actual fad. Aside from its famous industry of fish-curing, which is a more picturesque element in smaller and more remote communities by the sea, there is much about Gloucester and its environs to interest the visitor.

It is thirty-two miles from Boston, is the largest fishing port in the world, and is supposed to have been visited by the Norsemen during that vague and romantic trip of theirs to New England. In 1606 it was rediscovered by Champlain, who christened it by a French name meaning "the beautiful harbor." The first English settlement occurred in 1623.



After the Storm

Today Gloucester has a population of about 30,000, supported almost exclusively by the fishing industry. Its famous fleet comprises something like 450 vessels, manned by 5,000 hardy toilers of the sea, and it has been written of them that "From the land of the midnight sun even to the frozen zone of the Pacific, these modern Norsemen may be found with their stanch craft pursuing their hazardous calling, carrying the stars and stripes into all quarters of the new world and at times into the eastern hemisphere."

After the tourist has thoroughly explored the home of these "captains courageous" itself, he will find many other points of interest in the near vicinity, including attractive Annisquam and the beautiful Squam River, East Gloucester, Pigeon Cove (already referred to), Rockport, Land's End and West Gloucester. From Rockport the seaward view is entrancing, and the place is always utilized as a point of vantage from which to view the trial trips of Uncle Sam's new warships when they are made over the famous course between Cape Ann and Cape Porpoise. Annisquam has become exceedingly popular with summer cottagers during the last few years, and some of the other places are rapidly growing in this respect. "Old Mother Ann," the cliff which bears a fancied resemblance to a woman's face, is located at Eastern Point, where is also situated the familiar light marking the entrance to the picturesque harbor. The stately twin lights of Thatcher's Island—"the eyes of Cape Ann"—are also to be viewed from this part of the sea-girt, breeze-swept cape. They are the fisherman's best friend.

"Hard by the treacherous reefs, bearing bravely the rush of the onset,
Stanchly those sentinels stand, and, over the wild waste of waters,
Flash forth a message of cheer to his soul making port in the dawning."



Watch Dogs of the Coast

PORTSMOUTH AND NEWCASTLE

BETWEEN Cape Ann and the dividing line between Massachusetts and New Hampshire, that which remains of the North Shore is thickly studded with the summer resorts of village, town and city, or these have been planted upon bits of the coast naturally fitted for such occupation, although not in the immediate vicinity of settlements: Essex, Ipswich, ancient Newburyport, which is commonly thought to more resemble an old English town than any other community, center on the New England shores; Salisbury Beach, dotted with summer homes, and in the immediate neighborhood of the mouth of the Merrimack; Hampton and Rye Beaches, and other less noted localities. It is not exaggeration to say that in the season all these shores constitute one vast summer resort, and that their attractions are such that this condition of things must increase throughout all time.

Continuing now the journey northward over the far-spreading Hampton marshes dotted with quaint stacks of salt hay,

"Tolerant plains that suffer the sea and the rains and the sun,"

the territory of the noted New Hampshire shore resorts is entered upon.

Hampton and Rye Beaches, both celebrated in their own way, are in comparatively close proximity to each other. Rye Beach is considered the most fashionable and brilliant of the New Hampshire resorts, and its constituency is made up of representatives of distant cities and sections.

Its surrounding scenery is of the finest, and its numerous summer establishments and cottages are of the best. For the blending of New England country and seashore life this locality is remarkable.

Hampton Beach is a peculiarly favored



Ipswich Bluff, Mass.



Chain Bridge, Newburyport

ocean-dominated resort, situated about fifty-one miles from Boston. The seaward view is wide-spreading and inspiring, and the famous promontory of Boar's Head is one of the most striking features of the New England coast. It is a quiet, restful and altogether delightful place, combining all the elements of healthfulness and scenic beauty that the most exacting could demand.

An electric railway now connects Rye Beach with Portsmouth and affords one of the most delightful seashore rides on the continent.

At the northerly point of New Hampshire's sixteen miles of seacoast is found the city of Portsmouth, where the peace treaty between

Japan and Russia was concluded, which event has given to Portsmouth added fame. The Piscataqua River forms a dividing line here between the States of New Hampshire and Maine—the most southerly corner of



Joppa Clam Houses



On the Newburyport Turnpike

the Maine coast, or the locality directly across the river from Portsmouth, being occupied by Kittery, where is the famous navy yard of the United States. Of the New Hampshire city a modern writer has said, "Portsmouth is one of the dear and precious old towns of New England, surrounded with an aureole of delightful legends and historic events, and abounding in memories of great men."

As a summer resort, possessing features of both city and country, and affording the visitor the possibility of sojourning in either at will, Portsmouth stands unrivalled. It is not alone that Portsmouth and its suburbs, with Newcastle as an outlying district, present the characteristics of the most beautiful of the New England country sections;



Plum Island Beach

for these are found existing contiguous to the seashore and river banks in every part of this region. Here are creek and river, bay and ocean, for boating, bathing, fishing, sporting. Here are field and forest, for riding or roaming;



Plum Island River

and the fairest open country, with roads rivalling the historic turnpike, for carriage excursions to points of varied interest and attractiveness. If there are no mountains at hand, there are noble specimens in sight, from old Agamenticus on the coast line to the glorious White Mountain ranges inland; and these may be viewed and studied under the greatest variety of conditions and circumstances. Even the night scenery is superior in this favored locality; for the moonbeams shimmer upon the ripples and wavelets of the most diversified inland waters, brighten the fleecy foam of the rolling surf until it glistens like whitest wool, or glance from the crests of the swelling waves in the bay, or the white sails of the passing craft, like exaggerated calciums on a stupendously enlarged theater stage. As the day's illumination is withdrawn the great lights on Boon Island, the Whaleback, White Island, Squam, and countless other points,



On the Merrimack River, near Newburyport



Ocean Drive at Rye

headlands and islands, show forth instead, always suggestive and provocative of speculation. And where can the voices of the night be heard as in this locality?

Below Portsmouth, on the same side of the river, is Newcastle, occupying the extreme points, nooks and headlands that bid farewell to the waters of the Piscataqua as they escape into the Atlantic. Naturally, Newcastle appears to be as much a part of Portsmouth as Roxbury is of Boston; but running streams are most convenient dividers of municipal establishments, and Sagamore Creek separates

as effectively, so far as government is concerned, the affairs of Portsmouth and Newcastle, as does the Piscataqua those of Kittery and the New Hampshire city. Rock-strewn and wave-beaten, the Newcastle situation can boast of some of the most picturesque features



St. Andrews, Rye, Maine



Boar's Head, Hampton Beach

of the New England coast, while its other natural qualifications and its historic associations commend it always to the consideration of the tourist and summer sojourner.

More than two hundred years ago the mighty ships of old England used to "lie against the banks" of the Piscataqua, in the pool at Portsmouth. Not only merchant ships, but vessels of war made annual trips to this quarter, the latter often convoying the first named in troubled times; and the port was no stranger to armed vessels after the year 1660. The streets of the old city have witnessed myriad times, sights which would provoke the strongest interest could they be repeated now. There are not wanting in the Portsmouth of today

buildings and localities which suggest the olden times and their usages, which remain in fact hardly changed in appearance since the day when old "Benbow" waddled importantly along her streets, with body-guard and attendants still more important than himself.



Surf at Hampton Beach

Viewed, then, as a point



At Kittery Point

of interest in historic connection, or as a commanding center for summer resort, Portsmouth has claims equalled but by few sections on the New England coast; and in such reference Newcastle is included in the mention of Portsmouth, as a matter of course. Since The Wentworth was added to the great list of hostelries distinguishing the New England shore resorts, Newcastle has assumed her proper place among the latter; for from the grounds, piazzas and windows of this caravansary the fairest outlook upon the beauties of this region may be obtained. By the occupancy of these Newcastle heights the beautiful features of Portsmouth, Kittery, Newcastle and its neighborhoods, and the Isles of Shoals are consolidated, so to speak, and the whole region opened up as a great mansion in which one may pass from apartment to apartment at will, and occupy any room at his convenience.



A Relic of Colonial Days

THE ISLES OF SHOALS

THE historic associations of the Isles of Shoals antedate Plymouth Rock by nearly two-score years. It is almost certain that in contour, general appearance and principal physical features they differ but little today from what they were when De Monts sailed past them in 1605, bare, cragged and seamed rock-masses, upon which the breaking surf, seething and beating and thundering for centuries, has drawn lines and worn fissures, and, with the assistance of the sun, bleached surfaces.

There was certainly a fishing station upon these islands as early as 1623. By 1730 the station had increased to a settlement. During the eighteenth century the population increased until it sometimes reached as great a number as six hundred souls; and the traces of these people are as plainly visible upon the principal islands of this group today as are the marks of the Spaniards in Mexico.

The modern sojourner at the Isles of Shoals finds in the pure, clear, bracing sea air, the isolation from the outside world, and the wealth of recreative employments and enjoyments at hand, his chief delight. In summer-time these islands are peopled with denizens drawn temporarily from almost every quarter of the earth, and with classes extremely opposite to that which once swarmed upon their rocks.



Piscataqua River, Portsmouth



The Governor Wentworth House, Newcastle, N.H.

The absence of waving foliage is noticeable, and one observes how strange a thing it is to rest away from singing birds or humming insects. Along the outer edges of the island the ridges and ledges near the surf-line form principal points of attraction. Wonderful caverns have been worn by the action of the waves, beating sometimes uninterruptedly for days upon the exposed parts, and wearing out little by little the soft ingredients and seams and strata in their composition. Through the work of centuries, performed by these natural agencies, great gulches, or gorges, occur at intervals along the shores, and natural caverns invite the idler to a search among their legends.

With most visitors there is probably no pleasanter experience connected with a sojourn at the Isles of Shoals than that of the steamer trip from Portsmouth thither — an ocean sail of about an hour's duration in ordinary weather.

The river scenes about Portsmouth and Newcastle are attractive in every part, the interest growing from the time



Portsmouth, Lower Harbor

the boat leaves the wharf. The navy yard, the irregular coast and its varying panoramas, the old forts and earthworks, and especially the exciting scenes presented by the tide-troubled waters, all render the beginning of the trip enjoyable. Outside, the thickly strewn islands, which are also ragged crags and half-bared ledges animated with busy boat life, are left astern as Whaleback Light is passed; and the easy, monotonous rise and fall of the craft proclaims the domain of Old Ocean fairly entered upon. And now the isles loom grandly, while a beautiful section of the "North Shore," always fair to look upon no matter what or where the standpoint, trends far away southward towards Ipswich Bay and Thatcher's Island.



Peace Building, Portsmouth Navy Yard

From the wharf in Portsmouth to the landing on the Shoals the distance is about twelve miles.

Such fishing and such fish as the Shoals situation affords need not be sought for elsewhere, for their superiors certainly will not be found. Perch and tomcod may be taken from the rocks and wharves, and a boat need not be shoved her length away from either island to find the finest sport of this kind. Cod and haddock, and all the usual varieties of fish known off the eastern shores of New England, are in abundance all around; and the fisherman has only to choose whether he will seek his game after a long and more or less exciting "sail," or "heave over" within a few feet or rods of the island boundaries, and at once begin operations. But the chase after the rarer varieties is always in order and readily practicable, even porpoises and whales

frequently inviting attention hereabouts, and repaying it if offered, and as for fish dinners and dishes, the fame of the local hotels in this regard was long ago established.

To visit or read about the Isles of Shoals is to think of the sweet departed writer, whose verses deal so beautifully with those surf-washed islets, so long her home, and whose death has moved another poet to say:

"When I go down to Appledore
I shall climb up a stony street
To find a hospitable door
In an old garden, quaint and sweet,
And if I cross the well-worn sill
My eyes will all at once grow wet
At thought of her who somewhere still
Sings 'Sunrise never failed us yet.' "

There was a fishing station at the Isles of Shoals long before New England was settled, to which annually came numerous fishermen from Europe, and the islands have a history that is well worth one's study. Not long since, the whole group astonished and alarmed the people along the New Hampshire coast by "looming" to a height three or four times their natural elevation above the sea, the illusion lasting about an hour. It is believed by many that the islands were at one time a part of the mainland.

At the Isles of Shoals one has no need to stand afar off and view through a glass, or in the dim distance, the noblest storm effects. Indeed, he cannot get away from these; he must witness them and himself become for a time a center around which are enacted some of the grandest performances of nature.



Western Promenade, Portland

YORK, KENNEBUNKPORT AND OLD ORCHARD

KITTERY, the first point reached in the adjoining State after crossing the Piscataqua River, was founded in 1623, and has the honor of being the oldest settlement in Maine. It is a favorite summer resting place for many New Englanders, and has some very delightful characteristics. It contains, among other historic relics, the mansion house at Kittery Point formerly owned by Sir William Pepperel, the aristocratic old soldier-merchant who commanded the New England forces sent to capture Louisburg. Some one has pertinently expressed the wonder, what Sir William's feelings would have been could he have foreseen the time when electric cars would run by the door of his weather-beaten old house.

It is through Kittery that the tourist bound for York Beach is carried by the York Harbor & Beach Railroad, and it is a most charming journey with a delightful ending. Many hundreds of summer visitors now throng the various resorts along this line, and it is one of the most popular vacation sections in New England, having a special attraction for Boston people by reason of its accessibility. The journey to it seems scarcely to have begun before it is ended.

York was incorporated under the name of Georgeana away back in 1640, and its old jail and garrison houses, still extant, date back to



Fish Cove from Passaconaway Inn

about that period. Its development as a summer resort dates from 1857, the first hotel being erected in 1865. Today its hotels are many and include some of the best in New England.

There are at the present time, in hotels and boarding-houses, accommodations for about 5,000 visitors. The railroad annually carries about 100,000 passengers, and has been in operation since 1887. The beaches here are hard and white, and, of course, the entire summer population practically lives on the sands in fine weather. Many well-known literary and professional people are to be found here every season, and there is occupation and health-giving pastime for all classes, including the omnipresent golf. Mt. Agamenticus, Cape Neddick and Boon Island are among the more noted physical features of interest at York and vicinity.

Ogunquit, situated between York and Wells Beaches, is another charming and popular seashore resort. Its floor-like beach, three miles in length, is wider than any north of Cape Cod, and furnishes splendid opportunities for bathing. The Ogunquit River separates the beach from the adjacent rocky shore. There are numerous inlets to the north and south, among them Preble, Wrinkle, Barweed and Perkins' coves, and the Spouting Rock, Devil's Pulpit and Bald Head Cliff are among the sights of the vicinity.

The town of Wells, with its eleven miles of seashore, the greater portion fine, hard beach, is situated about five miles beyond Ogunquit. The quaint village itself practically consists of one long-drawn-out main street, and is located some distance beyond the shore line, from which it is separated by marshes. The place was settled in the early morning of the country's civilized life, and played a conspicuous part in the Indian wars. The view from Wells Beach looking seaward is very fine, and extends from Boon Island to Cape Elizabeth.



Bald Head Cliff, York, Maine



Ogunquit from "The Sparhawk"

Kennebunkport and Kennebunk Beach, which adjoin Wells Beach, are two of the most popular shore resorts in all of Maine. They are reached by a branch of the Boston & Maine Railroad from the interesting town of Kennebunk, or by the old King's Highway, which was laid out as far back as 1650, when the town of Wells extended to Cape Porpoise; and "summer visitors, now with their traps, their dog-carts, their brakes and their buckboards, are travelling the same road over which the early settlers picked their way carefully, listening meanwhile for Indian warwhoops, and hearing in the loneliness the cries of startled birds."

Kennebunkport nestles charmingly not far from the mouth of the placid Kennebunk River, so named by the early aboriginal vacationists because it signifies "the place of smooth water." On the north side of the mouth of this romantic stream is Cape Arundel, and on the south side begins the long line of beaches stretching toward Wells and Ogunquit. About every outdoor amusement known to active Americans may be enjoyed at this delightful resort, be it boating, bathing, golf, driving or fishing. The river is especially adaptable to rowing or canoeing, and frequent canoe races help to enliven the summer life here.

Gorgeous river carnivals, with all their splendor of illumination and decoration, are also a feature of the summer outdoor life, and floral



Casino, Kennebunkport, Me.

processions form a daylight spectacle upon the surface of the beautiful stream that would be hard to excel outside of California. The popular, if somewhat lazy way, of enjoying life upon the water here, is to go up the river with the tide and come back with it when it turns. Kennebunkport has been fittingly described as a place where country and seashore, with every attraction that nature can provide, blend into a perfect whole.

There are many places of historic interest in the vicinity, including Durrell's Bridge. Cape Porpoise pushes its nose out into the ocean some two miles northward, and beyond it lie Goose Rocks and Fortune's Rocks. Looking southward, a grand view is to be had from Vesuvius Point, taking in Bald Head Cliff and Cape Neddick in York, and even the Isles of Shoals, over whose rugged rocks, in times of storm, the great waves dash like

"Cliffs of emerald topped with snow
That lift and lift and then let go
A great white avalanche of thunder."

Visitors to Kennebunkport will be struck by the extent to which the practice of building summer cottages out of rocks in their natural form has been carried; but this is only one of many unique charms which the place possesses.

Who has not heard of Old Orchard, that famous, kaleidoscopic ten-mile stretch of milky beach that has attracted and charmed tourists from all over the world?

By train, Old Orchard is but three miles beyond Saco, which, with its neighbor Biddeford, form two very interesting examples of Pine Tree State enterprise and industry. The Saco River flows through them, and gives one at almost any season an ocular demonstration of the importance of the lumbering business in Maine.

Old Orchard, in summer, is certainly one of the most populous summer resorts in the United States, and it is claimed by its enterprising hotel keepers to be the most popular seaside rallying place on the coast of Maine. Distant but twelve miles from Portland and one hundred and four miles from Boston, it is naturally the great summer mecca for the residents of the former city, while at the same time within comparatively easy reach of the Hub.

The white, smooth, stoneless beach is one of the most perfect for bathing in the world, and one may drive or wheel upon it with equal enjoyment. By day or night the scene is always one of animation and beauty, and the rhythm of the surges is attuned to the spirits of the happy throngs who promenaded the boardlike beaches, or the



On the Kennebunk River



Cape Porpoise River

long, electric-lighted, iron ocean pier. Gaiety is always the watchword at Old Orchard, and somberness never reigns, until the "season" ends and its thousands of habitués bid it a temporary farewell.

The bathing hour is the great event of the day, and no salt-water bathing is quite so exhilarating as that at Old Orchard. Deep-sea fishing for cod, haddock and halibut engrosses the attention of many, while all the other familiar forms of outdoor pastime are indulged in by their devotees; and many prefer simply to "loaf," that most accomplished of all outdoor arts. Naturally, the presence of such a large and cosmopolitan summer colony, and especially the fact of there being in Old Orchard so many large hotels, results in a very interesting social life. Balls, hops, concerts and other entertainments are frequently held, the music being the finest obtainable. There are thirty-five or forty desirable hotels, several of the largest accommodating fully five hundred guests. Some of the latter are located quite a distance back from the beach



A Bit of Maine Coast



A Glimpse of Old Orchard from the Pier

itself, so that the whole motion-picture of the place is constantly before the eyes of the guests.

Trains are run along the beach from the Boston & Maine station to the Saco River, affording a glorious view of the Atlantic and the surf along the beach. The grounds of the Methodist Camp-Meeting Association are located a half mile or so from the beach, in a beautiful grove, and here many thousands of Old Orchard's more serious-minded frequenters hear the gospel expounded each season. Ocean Park, the summer camp-meeting ground of the Free Baptists, is also located near here.



In from "the Banks"

Old Orchard's summer visitors are to be numbered by thousands, and they come from all sections of the United States and Canada. While its magnificent beach shall last, and its cool, invigorating breezes persist, its popularity can never decrease.

The connecting link between Old Orchard and Cape Elizabeth, on the further side of which lies Portland Harbor, is

Scarboro Beach, whose six miles of ocean frontage are divided into Higgins Beach, Scarboro Beach, Prout's Neck and Pine Point. Scarboro Beach itself is about two miles long, and is much favored by vacationists who prefer a greater degree of seclusion than that afforded by Old Orchard. The drive from the latter place is a very picturesque one. Here, again, is found a most delightful combination of seashore and country, for the groves and green meadows almost come down to the water's edge. Prout's Neck, one of the historic points of the Maine coast, projects invitingly into the ocean and is sure to get whatever breezes may be blowing.



Glen at Old Orchard

PORTLAND AND CASCO BAY

"Voices of strange sea breezes caught,
Half tangled in the pine tree tall,
With ocean's tenderest music fraught,
Serenely rise, and sweetly fall."

PORTLAND, "the loveliest city on the Atlantic coast," as some of its more enthusiastic admirers describe it, is certainly a most favored metropolis, and those who have visited it will not be surprised to learn that it is rapidly coming to the front as a leading "convention city" of the East. It is invariably the most attractive centers that are picked out for such purpose by the many important organizations that nowadays hold annual conventions in various parts of the country.

The "Forest City" also attracts many thousands of summer tourists who do not stroll around with delegates' badges fluttering to the breeze, and, aside from its own merits as a cool and inviting summer resort, it is a grand center for tours to all other portions of northern and eastern New England, including the White Mountains, Sebago, Rangeley and Moosehead Lakes, Bar Harbor, St. Andrews and the numerous Provincial points beyond the latter place.

It is at Portland that the Boston & Maine system joins that of its very effective ally, the Maine Central Railroad, affording close connections for all of the places just enumerated. Trips of a more local



Surf, Scarborough

nature, to the islands of Casco Bay, may also be enjoyed by the fortunate sojourner in Portland.

The surroundings of Portland, and particularly its seaward environment, are such as have inspired the best descriptive work of some of the country's most noted writers, foremost among them its favorite poet, Longfellow. It was here that the kindly bard spent his earlier years, and the thoughtful visitor from abroad always finds an additional charm in Portland from the knowledge of that fact.

The beautiful city by the sea has a very fascinating history, as well as many contemporary points of interest, but its attractions can only be touched upon very briefly here.

Compact and clean, fairest in situation, and with natural beauties and possibilities enhanced by social and material influences which nowhere else have wrought to better advantage, Portland is as desir-



Beach at Cape Elizabeth

able a summering place as can be imagined, where large bodies of humanity are to be found. Her site, overlooking the most beautiful bay scenery, studded with countless headlands and islands; her surrounding of cool, breezy heights, from which the finest outlooks over variegated country scenes abound; her suburbs and outlying sections, presenting every inducement in the way of pleasant drives, country roads, and pathways through wood and meadow and copse, — all these and



Surf at Cape Elizabeth



State Street, Portland, Me.



Longfellow's Home, Portland, Me.

The waters in view from the promenades at either end of the city are so nearly landlocked, are diversified by so many shores of island and headland and reach, that almost always in the summer-time their surface is smooth and unwrinkled, giving back in duplicate the shapes and coverings of the hundreds of islands, and reflecting to the view of the onlooker, the rocks and trees and verdant adornments on all sides.

Of all the coasts there is no fairer sailing place than here. The channels are deep and safe, and pursue sinuous courses among the islands, and the excursion presents a multitude of pleasing features, and is always full of enjoyment. Here is the deepest water found in any Atlantic coast harbor; and here, too, are



Where Nature Reigns Supreme

many more attractions combine to render this New England municipality a most excellent city of refuge for the overwrought, jaded vacationist.

Portland has no fairer attraction than her beautiful harbor and its outlying connection, the famed Casco Bay.



Old Fish House

half-hidden shoals, bald rocks lifting their dark-gray heads out of water at various stages of the tide, swift currents eddying around ledges and rocky points — enough of all these features to render a cruise among them sufficiently exciting, while they save from monotony and lend interest to the trip.

The islands scattered about



A Bit of Diamond Island

in every part of the harbor (including Cushing's and Peak's), and stretching away down and along the outer bay, are of every size and shape, and the barren and desolate features, so common among these formations farther down the coast, are mostly wanting here. Rocks there are, in ledges, crags and individual specimens, both upon the headlands and island shores, and in sufficient quantities to diversify and render picturesque the scenes. But the rock-masses do not predominate, at least in the islands, as is usually characteristic of the northern New England coast. Among these islands excursion boats, impelled by wind or sail or oar, continually ply; and the sojourning visitor has only to make a short walk from almost any point within the city to a wharf, to find at hand the means for enjoying at once a water excursion which will surely furnish him with recreation and profitable employment.

Upon many of the islands and along the shores, or crowning the



Scarboro Beach

green hills in view on every hand, villas and residences and the buildings of institutions are in view, animating the scenes and giving them diversity. Here the pierced wall of a verdure-crowned fort rises abruptly, seemingly out of the water which almost washes its base; there a sentinel light-



Pearl House, Orr's Island

house, with its surroundings clean and neatly kept as a Dutch housewife's kitchen. Great square-rigged craft lie at anchor in the stream; the black steamers puff out their thick, dusky smoke as they ply about; and in the cool of the morning or evening twilight dozens of fleet-moving "shells," manned by bare-armed, strong-limbed, athletic youngsters or ambitious amateurs, flit like shooting stars along the white surface of the apparently motionless water. Farther down are the ledges and feeding grounds, where the fisherman takes his delight,— the depths from which the chowder-kettle, which will shortly wreath its tripod in smoke on some one of these island shores, will be replenished.

The State of Maine may be said to have two seacoasts,— that of



On the Presumpscot River



Portland Head Light

her mainland, extending from Kittery to Eastport, and in its windings numbering hundreds of miles of continuous distance, and the shores of the hundreds of islands outlying, which aggregate perhaps thousands of miles in extent. From Casco Bay to the New Brunswick line there is no let-up or interruption in this state of things; and there are few points on the main coast that are not supplemented in their efforts to resist the encroachments of Old Ocean by these natural breakwaters.

The general character of these islands is that of huge masses of rock, compositions of feldspar, porphyry and other elementary specimens, which seem to have been originally placed here by their Creator to furnish fitting antagonists for the restless, swift-moving, often angry waters of the Atlantic, as they are found off New England and the Provinces; to give their waves, as it were, something to wreak their fury upon.

These islands are of every shape and size, from the bare rock lifting its grey-brown head presumptuously out of the midst of the waters, to areas of sloping plains and hillsides of miles in extent. Occasionally towns or villages are found upon them, with all the accompaniments of civilization and material industry. But almost always they are small, and dotted here and there within a line of from a few rods to two miles or more from the coast of the mainland. Their surfaces are usually more or less thickly covered with a coating



White Head, Portland

of earth, which, during the warm months, is bright with verdure and often studded with the coniferous growth of the region. Winding between and among these islands are deep-water channels leading to the ports along the shores, and forming highways for shipping which those engaged in maritime pursuits utilize to the utmost.

When these islands are arrayed in the fresh green of early summer, and the warm breezes play over their winding channels, marking all their shores with the daintiest of silver surf-lines, the whole scene is beyond description, beautiful. To cruise among them is now to enjoy a constant succession of delights, which appear and vanish in swift procession, but whose very monotony of characteristics becomes pleasing, and really presents the appearance of variety to the appreciative observer.



Harpswell, Maine

Along the Maine Coast

THE MAINE CENTRAL RAILROAD system caters to all the inland and shore summer resorts of the State of Maine between Portland, Bangor and Mt. Desert Island. The Knox & Lincoln branch of this system follows the coast line from Bath to Rockland, the latter lying at the foot of the great Penobscot Bay, a grand commercial and transportation center for numerous shore and inland points near to and remote from its boundaries.

Bath is situated near the mouth of the Kennebec River, center for ship building and summering, and of communication with numerous shore and island resorts in the neighborhoods of the locality where the waters of the Kennebec mingle with those of the Atlantic. Boothbay Harbor and Popham Beach, Mouse Island, Squirrel Island, and off to the eastward the river's mouth Monhegan, one of the most famous islands the New England coasts, are all famous summer resorts of this section. Along the coast between Bath and Rockland, Piscasset, Newcastle and Damariscotta, Waldoboro, Warren and Thomaston, with their unrivalled surroundings of picturesque scenery and attractive situations, draw great constituencies to their enjoyments every season.

In and about Rockland are the great lime kilns and granite quarries so well known in every part of the country, which has drawn supplies therefrom through many decades past.

The scenery about Rockland is superb, the climate bracing and invigorating, and the variety and interest of its pastimes and employments for summer visitors unlimited. Like every part of the New England coasts this section is historic, and thus doubly interesting to visitor or sojourner.



Fort Popham, Maine

On the opposite shore of the Penobscot Bay from Rockland, and well up towards the locality where the Penobscot River mingles its waters with those of the ocean, lies Castine.

The Penobscot Bay is a magnificent water, and its shores present more points naturally favored and attractive to humanity, with their features enhanced by historic association, than can be found after long search in many other quarters of the world.

Castine occupies a peninsula once a center of most important military operations, many remains and features of which are still to be found within its limits, distinguishing the place almost as much at the present time as in the days when they were created. It was also a commercial center of considerable importance, but hardly anything now remains as a reminder of the fact.



A Typical Coast Scene

But its beautiful situation, charming marine and inland scenery, and quaint features and belongings, attract irresistibly when one has landed there, and even from the moment when the place is first described while journeying towards it. From the parapet of Fort George, which crowns the hill above the town, enchanting views are afforded. In the far southwest, marking the entrance of the bay, the

iden range is within the view, while the craggy heights of Mt. Bert Island are equally visible in the far east. On every side, and remote, notable landscapes and water views, localities and vidual features are presented.



Along Penobscot Bay



Steamer on Frenchman's Bay

MT. DESERT AND BEYOND

THE grandest of all the summer resorts of the northern New England coasts, the Newport of the Maine shores without question, is Mt. Desert. The name is not exactly descriptive in this case, since Mt. Desert — or the resort so called — is an island, and even the name itself belongs rather to an extended group of upheavals than to any individual mountain elevation. Of this locality Drake writes: "An island fourteen miles long and a dozen broad, embracing a hundred square miles, and traversed from end to end by mountains. As the mountains bar the way to the southern shores, you must often make a long *détour* to reach a given point, or else commit yourself to the guidance of a deer-path or the dry bed of some mountain torrent. In summer or in autumn, with a little knowledge of woodcraft, a well-adjusted pocket compass and a stout staff, it is practicable to enter the hills, and make your way as the red huntsmen were of old accustomed to do.

"Southwest Harbor is usually the stranger's first introduction to Mt. Desert. Its neighborhood is less wild and picturesque than the eastern shores of the island, but Long Lake and the western ranges of mountains are conveniently accessible from it, while, by crossing or ascending the sound, avenues are opened in every direction to the surpassing charms of this favored corner of New England. At South-



Along Shore, Bar Harbor

west Harbor the visitor is usually desirous of inspecting the sea-wall of shattered rock that skirts the shore less than three miles distant from the steamboat landing. And he may here witness an impressive example of what the ocean can do. An irregular ridge of a mile in length is piled with shapeless rocks, against which the sea beats with tireless impetuosity."



North from Pickett Mountain, Bar Harbor



Near Bar Harbor, Maine

The southernmost point of Mt. Desert Island is Bass Harbor Head, a sentinel point standing as a sort of natural usher into Southwest Harbor, which was once the principal settlement of the island, Bar Harbor, however, having now for many years had that distinction.

Mt. Desert Island stands so near the coast of the mainland, being separated from it only by a narrow sound of ocean waters, that the conviction is readily entertained that it was once a part of the territory of the State, detached in the course of time by the action of the sea waters. Indeed, it is so near the main coast that an artificial bridge has for many years united the two, and the Maine Central Railroad runs trains to a terminus practically within the very limits of the island. Of all the Atlantic islands this is the highest, being made up largely of a group of mountains of solid granite, the highest 1,500 feet above the water line. In many of the valleys between these mountains are found ponds of fresh water. The southwestern section of the island constitutes a fairly level plateau, while at Bar Harbor on the opposite side, level lands of considerable extent are found. In other sections the mountains come down to the water's edge.

As for the "settlement" at Bar Harbor, it is a grand agglomeration of summer hotels of the modern type, with the usual golfing attachments, shops and marts such as distinguish the watering-place wherever found, and a grouping of summer villas and estates of greater and



Typical of Bar Harbor

ess pretensions, somewhat
fter the manner and style of
uch establishments as found
t Newport and Narragansett
ier.

The region is a favorite
endezvous for yachtsmen, and
s preeminently a place for
those who have a love

For the white-winged ships that sail
in the sun,
and the white-winged waves that
bear them;
for the yachts that over the waters
run,
and the breezes that race and dare
them."

For many years past Mt.
Desert has enjoyed the distinc-
tion of being the object of
summer pilgrimage for people from European countries, while it
presents attractions for every class of American travellers.

The sea fishing hereabouts is of the best, while the inland fresh-
water sheets and streams on the island and the mainland near at hand
afford fine fishing places for trout seekers.

On the mainland opposite Mt. Desert Island, and reached directly
by the Maine Central Railroad, is the well-known summer resort of
Sorrento, magnificent for situation and attractive through all the
qualities that render the Maine ocean resorts so popular with all classes
throughout the country. All
the localities and establish-
ments of Mt. Desert are
readily accessible from
Sorrento as a headquarters,
the sections forming in reality
one great summering place, so
closely united are they.

The rugged and romantic
seacoast section between the
Mt. Desert region and the New



Wood Interior, Bar Harbor



A Glimpse of Northeast Harbor

Brunswick line is made accessible by the Washington County Railroad, whose construction was a great boon to this part of Maine. The road taps the Bar Harbor branch of the Maine Central Railroad at Washington Junction, and continues to Eastport and Calais, in the picturesque St. Croix and

Passamaquoddy region. The coast settlements of Gouldsboro, Steuben, Millbridge, Addison, Jonesport and Machias are directly



West Side, Seal Harbor

reached by the road, and many other restful and beautiful resorts along the indented shore line, including Cutler, a favorite vacation place, are brought very near to the tourist.



Bar Harbor

Machias Bay is one of the most delightful of localities in which to enjoy a summer rest, and much that is both primitive and picturesque is to be found in its vicinity. Machias and Eastport are the most easterly of the Maine towns, the last named being situated at the mouth of the St. Croix River, with the Provincial town of St. Andrews on the opposite river and ocean shore, the St. Croix forming the dividing line hereabouts be-



St. Mary's-by-the-Sea



"The Bubbles" from Jordan's Point

tween the United States and the British Provinces. Grandly situated are these two towns at the mouth of this river, overlooking some of the wildest and most impressive ocean scenery presented on the American continent, while the elements of the picturesque and naturally fasci-

nating are equally present in the makeup. Opposite Eastport, and almost blocking the entrance to its harbors, is the famous island of Campobello, for more than a century owned and occupied by a British admiral and his descendants, but now the property of Boston capitalists, and a renowned summer resort. This island is eight miles long by three miles wide; and though opposite United States territory, and owned by United States citizens, is within the Provincial jurisdiction. Still further out



Jordan Pond, near Seal Harbor



Seal Harbor Drive

to sea is the island of Grand Manan, a noted fishing center and a place of great natural beauty and attractiveness, the resort of artists and lovers of the beautiful in nature, and possessing many of the wild features that distinguish Campobello. The majestic ocean waters in front of Eastport and St. Andrews, and into which the beautiful St. Croix River empties its voluminous contents, and

which contain Campobello and its many neighboring islands, constitute the famous and well-known Passamaquoddy Bay, renowned through many centuries for its picturesque scenery and grand surroundings, and the delights of its beautiful climate in summertime.



Fort Point, Searsport

PROVINCIAL RESORTS.

"The sea, the sea, how sweet to me the hearty, healthful sea!
With its cooling balm from the isles of palm that far in the distance be."

AS if in sympathy with the latter-day tendency of "expansion," even the eastern seashore seems to be extending into new zones. It was not so long ago that Bar Harbor practically stood for the Ultima Thule of the sea-loving vacationist whose wanderings took him over the Boston & Maine system.

After a while St. Andrews and contiguous sections of the New Brunswick coast were added to the "Down East" list, then came Nova Scotia, its Cape Breton continuation, and Prince Edward Island; and now Newfoundland, with its new railroad and steamship service, forms an important link in the long and picturesque sequence of United States-Canadian seacoast vacation resorts. Only Labrador and Greenland now remain to be conquered by the invincible army of outdoor pleasure seekers, and even the first mentioned of these may be visited with the comforts and conveniences of modern transportation service.

"Beautiful for situation," indeed, is St. Andrews. Occupying the extreme southwestern point of the Provincial territory, its outlooks are over ocean, bay, river and inland scenes, ideal as to attractiveness, and extending for leagues in every direction. The St. Croix River forms its western boundary; and this river, bringing its waters to a union with Old Ocean hereabouts, also separates between the United States and New Brunswick, the town of Eastport holding the same posi-

tion with regard to the territory of the first named that St. Andrews does to the Provinces.

The site of St. Andrews was first taken possession of by the west in the seventeenth century, when the Jesuit father, "Saint Andrews" planted the cross of his order here, and gave the place the name it has borne ever since. St. Andrews became the extreme outpost of the French in North America, and as such was a rallying point for the French and Indian warriors who did so much to give the region its historical associations with bloodshed and horrors.

The town lies along the shore of Passamaquoddy Bay, one of the most picturesque of ocean inlets on a large scale. The shores of the bay are rugged with rock formations, and its surface is studded with islands of the wildest beauty and grandeur, the elements of magnificent scenery and situations such as only at few points on the Atlantic coasts find repetition. A fringe or border of heavily wooded rocky islands marks the outer limit of the bay, Campobello being within the range, and Grand Manan standing sentinel-like as far as the eye can see oceanward.

St. Andrews has become a summer resort famous among the people of the Provinces. The place is one grand sanitarium in summer-time, ensuring not only immunity from hay-fever and diseases of the throat and lungs, but positive curative effects in cases where visitors are subject to these ailments.

Here is the boatman's paradise, and such fishing as can be found where both inland and ocean waters may be laid under contribution by the sportsman or amateur. In the bay waters, cod,



South Shore of Squirrel Island



Boothbay, Maine

dock, mackerel, and all the varieties usually found along the Northern Atlantic coasts, may be had for the seeking. The lakes, ponds and streams, numberless in the St. Andrews section and neighborhoods, abound in landlocked salmon, trout, togue, perch, etc.

As to the town itself, it is a quaint old foundation, full of interest, however, in every part, and abounding in pleasing features and characteristics that render it a delightful place for sojourning or residence in summer-time. It has the finest provision for the entertainment of visitors and an augmented summer population, varying from the humble boarding-house to the lordly hotel. The drives hereabouts are full of interest, and in the midst of scenery that has large wealth of historic association.

Crossing the broad mouth of picturesque Passamaquoddy Bay, or making a more roundabout *détour* by rail, as he may prefer, the tourist finds in St. John the next important vacation center in New Brunswick territory. If the journey be taken by rail, it will bring a panoramic view of the beautiful St. John River that will abundantly compensate for the extra time required.

Arrived in St. John, the interesting metropolis of New Brunswick, the visitor has a choice of many attractive side trips, and will find numerous features of interest in the immediate vicinity of the city itself. Among these are the so-called "Reversible Falls" of the St. John River, upon which the thirty-foot tides hereabouts have such a peculiar effect, and the numerous historic relics, including the site of the famous Fort Latour.

St. John is a natural tourist center for all of the Maritime Provinces,

and its invigorating Bay of Fundy ozone and delightfully cool nights render it a very attractive stopping place for heat-tortured Yankees. This enterprising city of 50,000 souls is blessed with very good hotels, excellent suburban roads and fine bathing facilities.

The great Canadian Pacific Railway has its Atlantic terminus here, and the Intercolonial Railway runs from St. John to Quebec on the one hand and to Halifax on the other, incidentally furnishing the means of transit to Prince Edward Island and Cape Breton. In addition to trips to the local park, the Reversible Falls and cantilever bridge, there is a delightful drive to the bay shore, a popular resort for bathing and picnicking. At Loch Lomond there is excellent boating and fishing, and at Rothesay, nine miles from the city, on the shore of the winding Kennebecasis River, is the most popular of all the



Wadsworth Cove, Castine, Me.

suburban resorts. The delights of camping and fishing and canoeing may be enjoyed here to one's heart's content, while the presence every season of many of the most wealthy and prominent Canadians gives the place a distinct social prestige.

The most inspiring of all the side trips from St. John, however, is that up the St. John River, of which the late Governor Russell of Massachusetts said enthusiastically that "It is crowded with suggestion, and is full of inspiration." The scenery of the upper St. John is declared as grand, picturesque and beautiful as any he had ever seen and many experienced travellers have said the same thing. A famous American preacher has described it as "the Rhine and Hudson combined in one scene of beauty and grandeur."

The St. John is 450 miles long and very broad and baylike in places. The popular trip from St. John by steamer is to Fredericton, a very beautiful city and the capital of the Province. The famous fishing and hunting regions of New Brunswick may also be reached by way of this glorious river. The Kennebecasis River furnishes another fine opportunity for excursions, the trip including Grand Lake, thirty-five miles long, and several attractive resorts en route. The most important seashore resort east of St. John, on the Bay of Fundy, is St. Martin's, thirty miles distant, and quite popular with American tourists.

The importance of St. John as a summer center has been recognized by the formation of a local tourist association, from whose officials any desired information about the different New Brunswick resorts may be secured.

The average summer visitor to St. John sooner or later finds himself en route to the romantic "Land of Evangeline," separated from this part of New Brunswick by some forty miles of the restless Bay of Fundy. Digby, N.S., that magnificent northwestern gateway to the country of Longfellow's famous heroine, is almost exactly opposite St. John, and on very clear nights the glow of the electric lights in the New Brunswick metropolis may be seen from Digby light.

This is a very popular way of reaching the Province, and the trip across the bay is accomplished in about three hours by the fast and modern steamers of the Dominion Atlantic Railway Company, connecting with the railway system of the company at Digby. There



The Old Blacksmith Shop



"In the Land of Evangeline"

are few more delightful experiences to be enjoyed than this exhilarating trip over the turquoise waters of that vast, mysterious creator of phenomenal tides, nor could there be a more appropriate finale to it than the delightful three-mile passage between the precipitous walls of the mile-wide Digby Gap.

An alternative to this route is the all-rail trip from St. John over the Intercolonial Railway, in the course of which the traveller bound for Halifax or Cape Breton passes through Moncton and Dorchester, N.B., Amherst, N.S., the famous Tantramar marshes and Truro.

On arrival at Digby, close connection is made with the Dominion Atlantic Company's famous express, the "Flying Bluenose," either for the east or the west. In the former case the destination is Halifax, and in the latter Yarmouth.

Yarmouth itself is one of the pleasantest communities in the Province, famous for its cool temperature, for its fine drives, its most picturesque private gardens and grounds, and its nearby bathing and fishing resorts. The Halifax & Southwestern Railway, giving easy access to the resorts along the Atlantic coast in and about this section, has its terminus here.

Digby, from which we have digressed a moment, is not only a very important railroad and steamship center, but it is one of the most beautiful and healthful summer resorts on the continent. From the nature of its scenery and surroundings it is often referred to as the Bar Harbor of Nova Scotia, and some also call it the Provincial Newport.

Digby is located on the western shore of the historic and picturesque Annapolis Basin, discovered by De Monts in 1604. It is famous for its drives and its salt-water bathing and boating opportunities.

It has several hotels and a score or more boarding-houses. Vacationists from all over the eastern part of the United States are to be found here every summer, some of them owning cottages.

The seventeen-mile rail journey along the curving shores of the Basin to historic Annapolis itself forms one of the most memorable experiences of the traveller through Acadia. The view of the distant Digby Gap is especially fine. Annapolis, with its once proud fortress now long since ruined and grass-grown, the theater of many stirring events in English and French history, makes one of the most charming summer resorts in the whole province. Students of history will scarcely need to be reminded of what it stands for.

Following for a time the ruddy Annapolis River, the train proceeds through the wide-spreading and famous valley of the same name, in



On Eagle Lake

whose seventy miles of ever-beautiful extent are annually grown half a million barrels of luscious apples. The Annapolis Valley, and its continuation, the Cornwallis Valley, form one vast orchard, and in apple-blossom time in June the effect produced upon the sense of sight and smell almost transcends description.

At Middleton, midway of the Annapolis Valley, connection is made with the Nova Scotia Central Railway for Bridgewater, Lunenburg, Mahone, Chester and other Atlantic coast resorts, one of the most popular being Chester, with its reminiscences of Captain Kidd and his buried treasure.

Kentville, near the head of the valley, forms a starting point for the beautiful Cornwallis Valley,—the Garden of Nova Scotia,—the

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famous mountain eyrie, "Lookoff," Cape Blomidon, and other points of interest. Wolfville, a few miles beyond Kentville, is the natural center of the Land of Evangeline proper, for hard by are the spreading marsh lands of the Grand Pré, with many new dikes, and traces yet remaining of the ancient ones which the patient Acadian dwellers had builded "with labor incessant." The old French willows, the modern village of Grand Pré, the peaceful and beautiful Gaspereaux Valley, Evangeline Beach, Kingsport and Blomidon, together with Parrsboro, Partridge Island, Cape Sharp and other points of interest on the further side of Minas Basin, are all upon the itinerary of the tourist who is "doing" the Land of Evangeline in anything like a faithful and conscientious manner.

This is the region of the fifty- and sixty-foot Bay of Fundy tides, being at the head of that great estuary of the Atlantic, and the difference in the scene at high water and that at low water can easily be appreciated, even by those who have never been there.

The remaining portion of the journey takes in the likely town of Windsor, with historic and educational features of interest, and after a nine-mile trip around the shores of beautiful Bedford Basin, Halifax, the capital and metropolis of Nova Scotia, is finally reached.

The attractions of this sea-girt Canadian Gibraltar are many, including all sorts of water and land excursions, visits to the military and naval headquarters, the local park and public garden, the public market, the Citadel hill, the government buildings, etc. The scarlet jacket of "Tommy Atkins" gives color to the whole place, from the standpoint of the visitor, and the two most vivid impressions he will carry away with him will be the military flavor of the city and the delightful hospitality of its civilian population. As in St. John, there is a local tourist association in Halifax, of which all visitors are invited to avail themselves.

Still further eastward may the restless Yankee vacationist go, retracing his steps for a few miles, this time over the rails of the Inter-colonial system, and visiting Truro, Pictou, Prince Edward Island, New Glasgow, Antigonish, crossing the narrow and picturesque Strait of Canso to the island of Cape Breton, and threading that wonderful country to a point where the next stage must take him either to Newfoundland or Europe.

He has already heard of the glories of that great inland sea, the Bras d'Or Lakes, and he will not be disappointed in the picture they

present. Sydney, which is becoming one of the great industrial centers of the continent, and not far from which are located valuable coal mines, is an interesting place and has good hotel accommodations. On the other side of the coal areas, and forming their winter outlet, lies Louisburg, whose determining part in American history is too well known to need repeating here. The ruins of the old fortifications are still to be seen, and the historic interest of this far-eastern village is reinforced by the beautiful scenery of the Mira Bay and river region adjoining.

At North Sydney, reached from Sydney by ferry, the last stage in this extended "Down East" journey is taken. Here awaits the tourist the trim and yacht-like steamer which makes the six-hour passage across Cabot Strait to Newfoundland, that vast, rockbound island, where great cliffs stand sentinel like the headland of Norwegian fiords,

"And herring, like a mighty host,
And cod and mackerel crowd the coast."

The steamer connects at Port-aux-Basques with the Newfoundland Railway, which traverses the central portion of the island and termi-



A Shore Drive

nates at St. John's, the capital of the Province. Several branch lines are also operated, and the same enterprising company maintains auxiliary steamship lines between St. John and Labrador and various points around the island of Newfoundland itself. Its achievements constitute one of the most surprising developments of modern transportation, and have resulted in opening up to the American tourist one of the most primitive and attractive sections on the continent.

Newfoundland is a paradise for the sportsmen, its trout and salmon fishing and its caribou hunting being unexcelled. To the artist, the geologist and the all-around summer saunterer, it offers manifold

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attractions; and from its physical conformation and its geographical location, it must necessarily be many years before it can become an "old story" to the tourist. Its climatic conditions in summer are much more favorable than many imagine, and the ruggedness of its coast and inland scenery has a beauty all its own. Through tickets to this "Norway of the new world" from Boston and other New England points may be secured through Boston & Maine ticket agents; as likewise may tickets for any of the seashore resorts along its own or the Maine Central or Washington County systems, where

"—— the moving flood excites the blood, and fills the heart with joy,
And makes the old man young again, and makes the youth a boy."

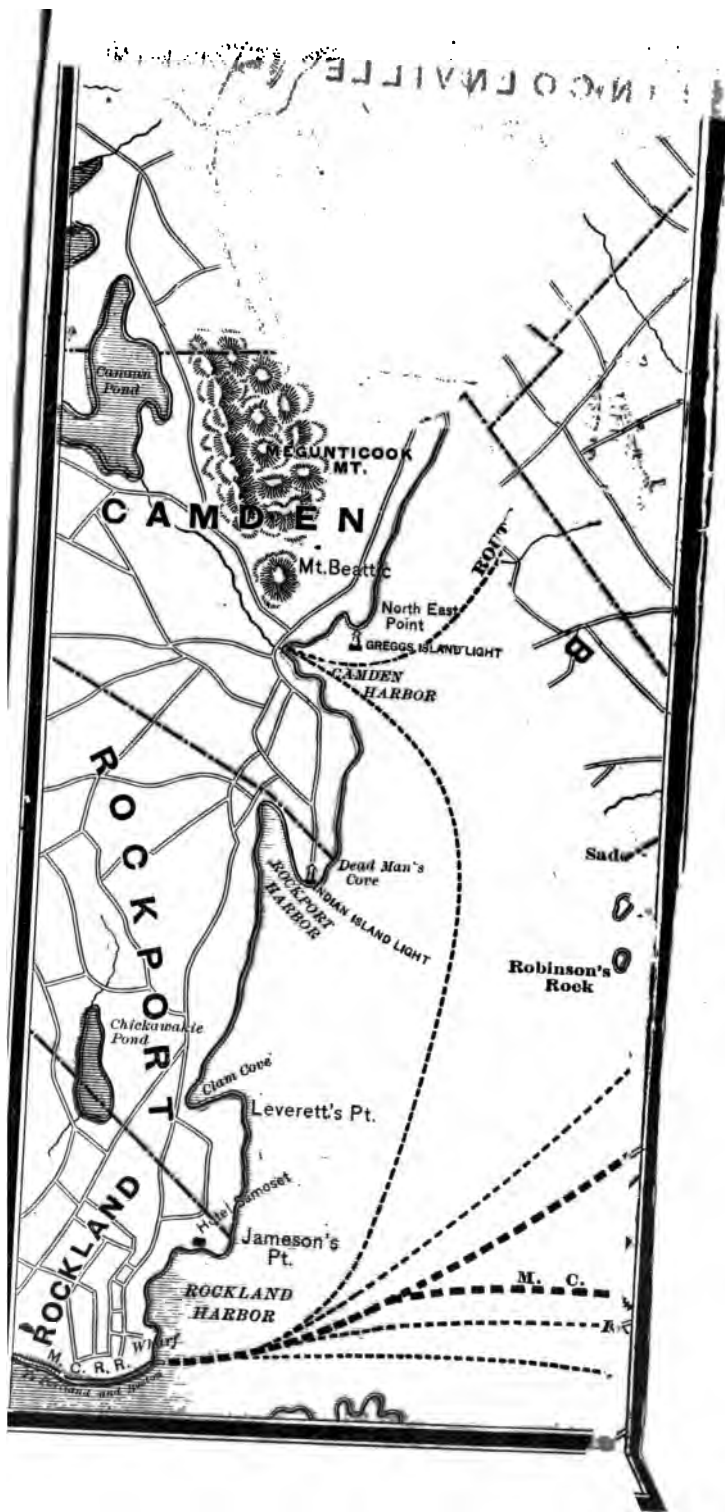


Kennebec River from Dresden



A Glimpse of Pemaquid









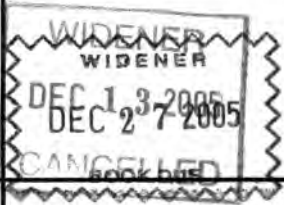
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